



The Lover's Tragedy; OR, PARENTS Cruelty.

To the Tune of, *Charon make hast and Carry me Over.*

A Virgin fam'd for her Vertue and Beauty,
Who by her Parents was greatly lov'd,
To whom she paid all obedience and duty,
neber observing to be reprobd:
A lovely Youth of Reputation
having her features view'd,
Was struck with so much love and admiration,
nothing his thoughts of her could exclude.

He to her oft did his Passion discover,
but her consent he could not obtain:
She answer'd, she'd not admit of a Lover,
lest he her Parents good will could gain:

Punish her Parents (ye Gods) for refusing
a heart so loving, so just and true,
Which they deserve for severely mistusing,
to be torment'd as bad by you;
But may the Nymph, so fair and cruel,
every Worldly Biss enjoy,
Sure if the languish I lye in she knew well,
she with a smile would my care destroy.

At last he grew to so weak a condition,
that there was nothing could yield relief,
Sav'ing the Virgin who was his Physician,
on whom he call'd to redress his Grief.
Farewell, Oh cruel Nymph, he cry'd,
I now to Elizium must repair!
Then gave a sigh or two, and so he dy'd,
and thus he was cured of all his care.

To the fair Virgin this News was soon carried,
which Hellage struck her with great surprize;
She bowing to see him e'er he was Buried,
whom she had slain with her killing Eyes.
To's House she fled with expedition,
as if by Cupids Wings convey'd,
Asking at doo in a sobbing Con- fision,
which was the Room where his Corps was lay'd.

He to prebail, us'd all endeavours
for to obtain her Friends consent,
But by no means could procure their labour,
which fill'd his heart full of discontent.

He had made many a fair proposition,
But what he offer'd they still deny'd:
At last he in a despairing condition,
thus on his Bed to himself he cry'd:
Pitty my wrongs ye Am'rous Powers,
hear a distressed Lover complain,
Who upon Earth has but very few hours,
thus to endure a Nymphs disdain.

She to the Chamber was quickly conducted,
where in a Shroud on his Bed he lay,
Which sight so on her unkindness reflected
that made her sound in the Room away:
Many there came to her assistance,
and to her sev'ral things apply'd,
But Death against them all made such resistance,
that by the Corps of her Love she dy'd.

When this sad News came to her Parents,
both in a heavy distraction wece,
Running like mad People, crying and staring,
for the sad loss of their Daughter faire:
Tho' they prevented their being Marry'd
whilst they were living by their care,
Yet in one Grave they together were Buried,
this was the end of this lovely Pair.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, R. P.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball
in Pye-corner.